



No. 88

JUNE...TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN  
DC PUBLICATION  
IND.

BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



# TOPS IN COMICS!

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES  
WHICH COMPRIZE THE  
**SUPERMAN DC**  
COMIC GROUP

LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADE MARK  
ON THE COVER



IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE  
BEST IN  
COMICS



Now  
ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE



Look  
FOR THE DC  
TRADE MARK





# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN



**J**IG-HEARTED JOHN,"  
HE CALLS  
HIMSELF, DOLING  
OUT DOLLARS TO THE  
POOR--BUT WHEN  
HE SENDS HIS  
UNDERWORLD  
HENCHMEN TO  
COLLECT  
HUNDRED-FOLD  
PAYMENT...AND  
MAIM AND MURDER  
THOSE WHO PROTEST,  
IT APPEARS HE  
HAS NO HEART AT ALL!  
STRUGGLING  
FATHERS,

DEFENSELESS  
WIDOWS, THE AGED  
AND INFIRM---THESE  
ARE SLAVES TO HIS

Greed,  
CONDEMNED  
TO TOIL THEIR  
LIVES AWAY  
TO MAKE HIM  
RICHER...UNTIL  
THOSE MYSTERIOUS  
SILENT PARTNERS  
OF JUSTICE,  
THE BATMAN  
AND

ROBIN,  
PIT THEIR NIMBLE  
WITS AND  
MATCHLESS  
MUSCLES  
AGAINST THE  
TERROR  
OF—

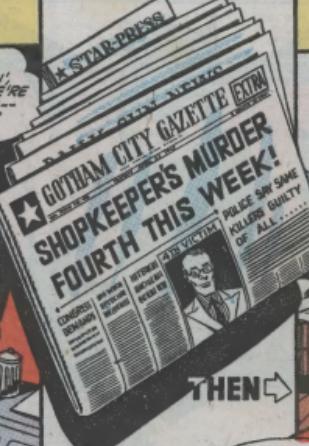
"THE  
MERCHANTS  
OF MISERY!"



THAT NIGHT, IN A CANDY STORE IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT...

I ALREADY PAID TEN TIMES MORE 'N I BORROWED, AND... AAAHHH-H-H!...

WE AINT' COLLECTIN', KELLY... WE'RE PAYIN' OFF--IN LEAD!



MEANWHILE, TRAGEDY OF A DIFFERENT SORT HOVERS OVER THE HUMBLE HOME OF GEORGE SIMPSON...

THE DOCTOR SAYS SHE MUST HAVE AN OPERATION, GEORGE -- BUT WHERE WILL WE GET THE MONEY?

I'LL BORROW IT SOMEWHERE, MARY. DON'T YOU WORRY!

THEN →

BUT I'VE GOT TO GET MONEY SOMEWHERE!

IF I COULD HELP YOU, GEORGE, I'D DO IT IN A MINUTE!

DID I HEAR YOU MENTION MONEY, STRANGER?

I GOT A FRIEND WHO CAN FIX YA UP, BIG-HEARTED JOHN! ONLY YA GOTTA BE WORKIN'...

I'M A NIGHT WATCHMAN I DON'T MAKE MUCH, BUT IT'S STEADY!

BOSS, HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOMER!

MY LITTLE GIRL IS SICK! I'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU'LL HELP ME!

SICK? AINT THAT TOO BAD! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS SIGN A PAPER.

DON'T BOTHER READIN' IT, YA CAN TRUST BIG-HEARTED JOHN! OF COURSE THERE'LL BE A SMALL INTEREST CHARGE...

I'LL PAY YOU BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

FIFTY DOLLARS! IF I ADD ALL MY WAGES TO IT, IT'LL BE ENOUGH! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!

YOUR LUCKY DAY? IT'S ONE OF THE UNLUCKIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE, GEORGE SIMPSON--AND OF YOUR WIFE'S LIFE--AND OF YOUR LITTLE GIRLS'! YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH...

DETECTIVE COMICS



SNEERING LAUGHTER ECHOES WHEN THE BORROWER IS OUT OF EAR-SHOT.



AND A FEW DAYS LATER...



WEEKS LATER--THE CLIMAX...COMES...



DETECTIVE COMICS



# DETECTIVE COMICS

NEARBY, TWO MANTLED FIGURES PATROL THE NIGHT IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE... THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...

ALL THOSE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED IN THIS DISTRICT!

SOONER OR LATER WE'LL GET A LINE ON THE KILLERS!

AS THEY APPROACH THE SKELETON BUILDING...

LOOK, BATMAN—THREE AGAINST ONE!

YOU AND I WILL MAKE THE ODDS EVEN... LET'S GO!

DON'T BREAK ANYbones an' don't knock him out till he's had a chance to feel what it's like!

SOMEONE'S BUTTIN' IN!



BREAK IT UP, BOYS, AND LET'S START OVER!

IT'S THE BATMAN!



HERE'S WHERE THE BATMAN GETS THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL!

THIS CALLS FOR ALTITUDE!



LOW BRIDGE!

THANKS, ROBIN!

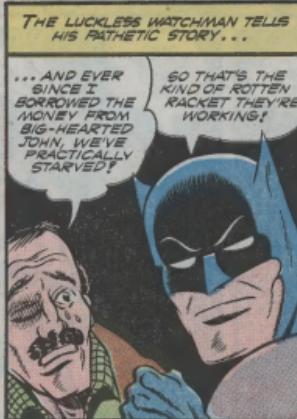
YOU LITTLE BRAT; I'LL----



OOOF!

SPEAKING OF BRIDGE-- DON'T YOU KNOW SPADES BEAT CLUBS?





DETECTIVE COMICS



NEXT MORNING... HAVING CHANGED THEIR MANTLED UNIFORMS FOR THEIR OLDEST CLOTHES, BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, AGAIN INVADE THE TENEMENT DISTRICT....

WE'VE RENTED A TENEMENT FLAT, AND YOU'VE GOT A JOB... NOW WHAT?

NOW WE PAY A VISIT TO BIG-HEARTED JOHN!

YOU SAY YOU'RE A STEVEDORE ON THE DOCKS, MAKING THIRTY BUCKS A WEEK? SURE, I CAN MAKE A LOAN!

WHAT DO I HAVE TO SIGN?

THESE INTEREST RATES ARE PRETTY STEEP!

JUST A FORMALTY... DON'T WORRY ABOUT EM!



AND WHEN A WEEK HAS PASSED...



LATER... AT THE DOCK WHERE BRUCE IS DISGUISED AS A STEVEDORE FOR A SHIPPING FIRM HE OWNS...

THIS IS PAY DAY... DO YOU COME ACROSS OR DO WE GO TO YOUR BOSS AN' GET YA FIRED?

BUT BIG-HEARTED JOHN SAID I NEVER WORRY ABOUT THAT PAPER I SIGNED!

YA DUMB CLUCK, YA BETTER START WORRYIN'!

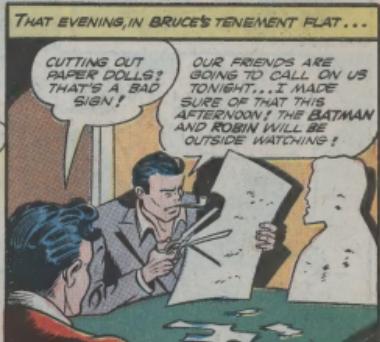


WE'VE SENT GUYS TO HOSPITALS FOR NOT PAYIN' OFF!

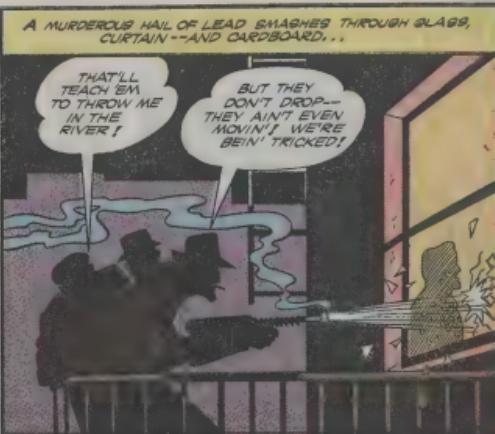


THERE YOU GO, MAKING ME NERVOUS!

OOOH-H-H I SHOULDA STAYED IN BED!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



BY AN IRONIC  
TWIST OF  
FATE, THE  
BOY WONDER'S  
TIMELY  
ATTACK  
SAVED BOTH  
THE  
BATMAN'S  
LIFE... AND  
BRINGS NEW  
PERIL!





DETECTIVE COMICS



YOU WON'T SPOIL NOTHIN' FOR NOBODY  
NO MORE, BATMAN! WHEN I GET  
THROUGH WITH YA, THE  
BOYS'LL SINK YA IN THE RIVER  
SO DEEP THE FISH WON'T  
EVEN FIND YA!

BOSS, I BET IT  
WAS THAT GUY  
GEORGE SIMPSON  
GOT THE BATMAN  
AFTER US!

WE'LL KILL  
HIM, TOO--  
RIGHT NOW!

YOU VULTURES  
LEAVE HIM  
ALONE! HE HAD  
NOTHING TO  
DO WITH  
THIS!



MIXING THE CHEMICAL  
CONTENTS OF TWO VIALS  
FROM A POCKET OF HIS  
UTILITY BELT, THE BATMAN  
PREPARES A MINIATURE BOMB..

I CAN'T BREATHET BUT IM NOT SCARED-- NOT VERY...

HOLD ON A LITTLE LONGER!

WONDER IF ANYONE EVER TRIED BLOWING A SAFE FROM INSIDE? IT MAY KILL US... BUT WE'RE DYING ANYWAY!

THESE LEDGERS  
WILL THROW THE  
FORCE OF THE  
BLAST AGAINST  
THE DOOR, INSTEAD  
OF US!





A RIPPING EXPLOSION PACKS THE NARROW VAULT WITH FLAME, THUNDER AND TERRIFIC CONCUSSION...

**BOOM**

THE BULGING DOOR OF THE ANCIENT SAFE BARS OPEN ON BENT HINGES... BUT WHAT IS THIS?

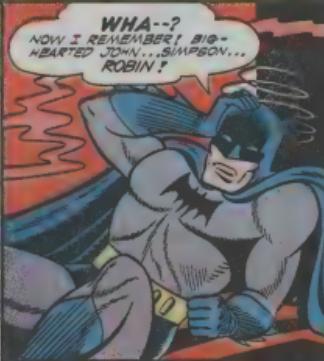


H AS THE ARCH-FOE OF EVIL SUCCEEDED IN BURSTING HIS PRISON, ONLY TO LOSE HIS LIFE ON THE THRESHOLD OF FREEDOM



SILENT MOMENTS TICK AWAY... AND FINALLY...

WHA--?  
NOW I REMEMBER! BIG-HEARTED JOHN... SIMPSON... ROBIN!



WHERE AM I?  
MY EARS ARE RINGING!

SNAP OUT OF IT, ROBIN! YOU'RE ALIVE, BY A MIRACLE AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO PERFORM A MIRACLE TO SAVE SOMEONE ELSE'S LIFE!



ALL WE GOTTA DO IS TAKE THE ELEVATOR DOWN AN' LEAVE HIM HANGIN' HERE!



WILL THEY BE IN TIME? THE NIGHT WIND PLUCKS AT THEIR STREAMING CLOAKS WITH GHOSTLY FINGERS AS THEY STREAK THROUGH THE STREETS...

WE CAN MAKE IT FASTER ON FOOT THAN BY LOOKING FOR A CAR... THERE ISN'T A SECOND TO LOSE!

IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

AND AS THEY REACH THE SKELETON BUILDING WHERE SIMPSON'S EMPLOYED...



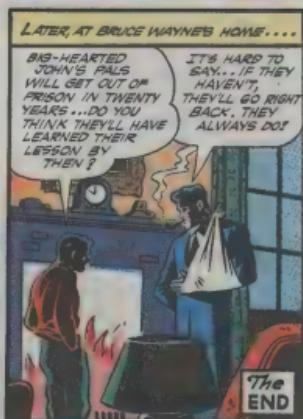
LOOK!  
THEY'RE HANGING HIM!

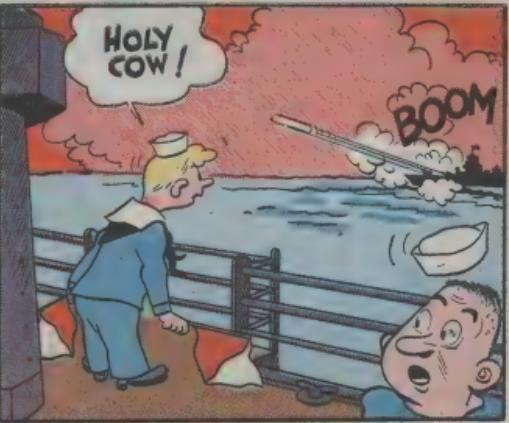
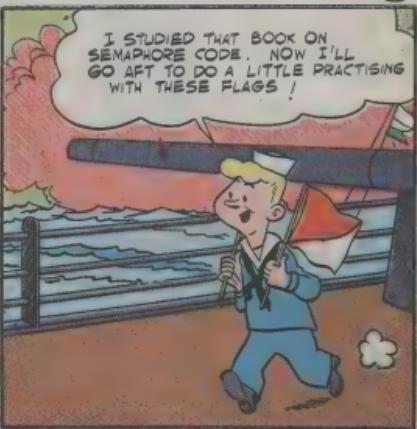
THEY'VE GOT THE ELEVATOR, SO WE'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL THE HARD WAY!



I'D CLIMB TO THE MOON TO TAKE A POKE AT PIG-HEARTED JOHN!

# DETECTIVE COMICS





# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

## ESCAPE FROM TWO-WAY DEATH!

MEN, THIS COURSE IS A REAL TEST UNDER FIRE. YOU'RE TO CRAWL THROUGH THAT AREA. LIVE AMMUNITION WILL BE SHOT LESS THAN 3 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. STAY DOWN OR ELSE!

OH-HO-  
REAL  
BULLETS?

C'MON, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH, QUICKIE

O.K., PAL - FIRST ONE THROUGH WINS A ROYAL CROWN COLA. AND I'LL HAVE ONE, TOO!

WOW! A RATTLESNAKE! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING BEFORE QUICKIE SEES IT SO CLOSE TO HIM. HE'LL JUMP UP RIGHT INTO THE LINE OF FIRE

SUDDENLY R.C. SEES A DEADLY RATTLESNAKE

HEY, QUICKIE, I JUST CAUGHT A LITTLE PET FOR YOU TO TAME. HE CAN'T HURT YOU ANY NOW

UH!  
OH MY  
GOSH!

REACHING OVER, HE GRABS THE POISONOUS REPTILE BEHIND THE JAWS

QUICK THINKING, "R.C."

FORGET IT, PAL, BUT DON'T FORGET I WON SOMETHING FROM YOU!

I REALLY NEEDED A "QUICK-UP". THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE TASTES GOOD

GOOD? WHY, QUICKIE, THIS IS THE BEST-TASTING COLA YOU CAN GET, AND 70 MOVIE STARS BACK ME UP

AT THE CANTEEN

FAMOUS FILM COWBOY HOOT GIBSON

AYS:

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO!  
IT SURE TASTES BEST!

"It really does taste best," says fast-riding cowboy star Hoot Gibson. Hoot took the famous cola taste-test. He sampled lead-tasting colas from paper cups and found that one was better by far. That one was Royal Crown Cola. From now on, he says, "A frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola is always within reach!" Try it.



**ROYAL CROWN COLA**  
Best by Taste-Test!

See Hoot Gibson in Monogram Pictures'  
**"TRAIL BLAZERS"**  
Series

# AIR WAVE

Leo Rossos



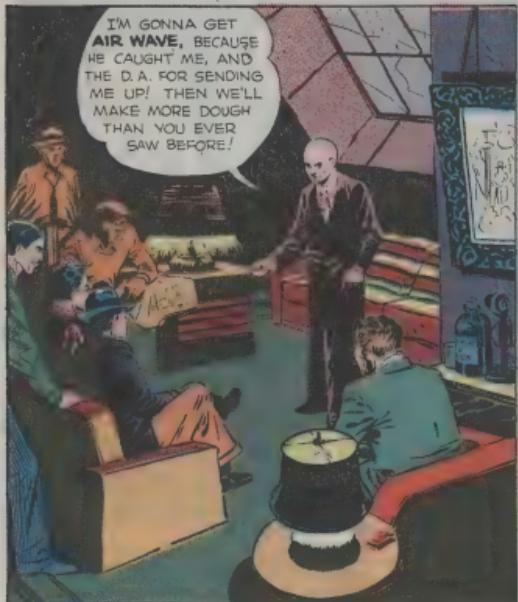
AGILE ATHLETE, FEARLESS FIGHTER, TENACIOUS FOLLOWER OF CRIME'S TWISTED TRAILS... *Air Wave* IS ALL THIS AND MORE BEIDES! BUT... HE CAN BE STOPPED! YES, HERE'S A STORY IN WHICH THIS WIZARD OF WIRELESS IS ROBBED OF HIS REMARKABLE POWERS! AND WHAT HAPPENS WILL LIFT YOU OUT OF YOUR SEAT WHEN *Air Wave* GETS CAUGHT UP IN AN... "Underworld Jam Session!"

*Meet...*  
"Snake Eyes" BENTLEY... HEADED FOR FREEDOM AT LAST, AFTER A LONG SENTENCE IN THE PENITENTIARY!

WITH WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED IN THE PRISON RADIO SHOP, BENTLEY, YOU CAN GET A JOB IN ANY REPAIR STORE! I HOPE YOU DO AND GO STRAIGHT!

THANKS, WARDEN! THIS STRETCH HAS BEEN A REAL EDUCATION TO ME!







AND THE NEXT INSTANT, THE "SECOND" OBJECT OF SNAKE EYES BENTLEY'S VENGEANCE SLIPS FROM THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HOME ... *Air Wave!*

LET'S SEE IF I CAN TUNE IN ON BENTLEY'S GUN!... WHA...? ALL I GET DEAFENING STATIC! SOMEONE SEEMS TO BE USING A RADIO JAMMING SET!

RIGHT, AIR WAVE! FOR NOT LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE MADE SNAKE EYES STUDY HARD IN PRISON, BUT LOVE OF LOOT AND...REVENGE!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF JAMMING THE ETHER, BOSS? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED AIR WAVE TO HORN IN SO WE COULD BUMP HIM!

I NEED MONEY FIRST! BUT IF HE DOES BUTT IN, YOU'LL SEE HOW I'VE GOT EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT!

BUT HOW CAN HE, WHEN HE CAN'T TRACK US DOWN?

HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO DO THAT, PROBABLY...BUT HE'LL WISH HE DIDN'T WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM! SLOW DOWN... HERE'S WHERE WE GRAB OURSELVES SOME DOUGH!

SURE! AT FIFTY CENTS A CAR, YOU BOYS TAKE IN PLENTY IN A DAY-- AND WE'RE RELIEVING YOU OF THE TROUBLE OF TURNING IT IN! THOUGHTFUL, AIN'T WE?

BUT MEANWHILE, AIR WAVE IS SHREWDLY OVERCOMING THE OBSTACLE SNAKE EYES HAS THROWN IN HIS WAY!

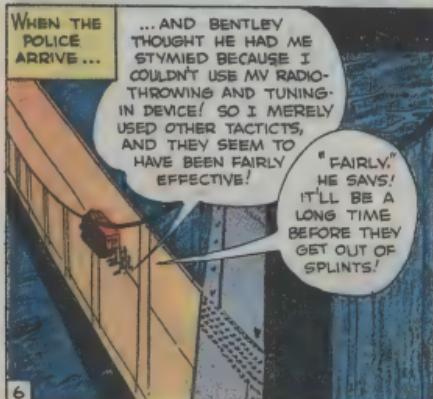
THE FIRST THING TO DO IS LOCATE THE JAMMER! I'LL USE THAT STEEPLE AS ONE POINT...



DETECTIVE COMICS









# 'THREE RING' BINKS

'THREE RING! I'M OPEN FOR AN ENGAGEMENT-- I'M THE CRÈME DE LA CRÈME OF ALL MAGICIANS. I'M THE TOPS, PAL. - HERE, TAKE A CARD-- ANY OLD CARD-- I'LL TEAR THAT CARD UP IN A THOUSAND PIECES-- SWALLOW THE PIECES, AN' THEN SHOW YOU THAT SAME CARD RESTORED AGAIN, FOLDED UP IN YOUR OWN WATCH-CASE-- AM I GOOD!

WHAT HAM IS TO EGGS, WHAT SYRUP IS TO PANCAKES, AND WHAT STUFFIN' IS TO A TURKEY - THAT'S WHAT 'THREE RING' IS TO THE SHOW BUSINESS! FOR FORTY YEARS (MAN AND BOY) HE'S NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING ELSE, BUT-- NOW HE'S AN ACE BOOKING-AGENT--

WAIDAMINUTE! --  
WAIDAMINUTE! --  
SO YOU REALLY THINK  
YOU'RE A THIRD ALARM  
BLAZE, EH? HOT STUFF?  
LISTEN, SONNY BOY---

--BACK ABOUT THUTTY YEAR AGO, I WAS TRAIPSING THROUGH THE CANEBRAKES WITH AN ANEMIC LITTLE CARNIVAL OF MY OWN. ONE DAY A WEIRD LOOKING COOT STEPPED INTO MY TENT AND ALLOWED THAT HE WAS--

- A MAGICIAN WITH AN 18 KARAT DISAPPEARING ACT, MISTER. MY NAME'S MAR-VEE-ELLO, -- AN' HERE'S MY STORY!--

MAR-VEE-ELLO'S STORY:- I STARTED OUT IN LIFE AS A MASTER BRIDGE BUILDER -- BUT MY FIRST EIGHTEEN BRIDGES WERE BUSTS-

PLOOP!!

-- NEXT I TOOK UP BANKING, BUT ALL OF MY BANKS **BUSTED**!--



-- LATER I MAJORED IN CHEMISTRY-- I SOON DISCOVERED THE FORMULA FOR THE GREATEST EXPLOSIVE CONCENTRATE EVER KNOWN TO SCIENCE, **PFOOF**!!-- THE FORMULA BUSTED!



--SO-- HAVING FAILED IN EVERYTHING ELSE, I INSTANTLY DECIDED TO BECOME A CIRCUS MAGICIAN ...



OKAY, PAL,-- FIRST I'LL PAINT MY LEGS COMPLETELY OUT OF SIGHT,-- SO!!



2

-- NOT TO BE OUT-DAUNTED, I THEN PLUNGED HEADLONG, YOU MIGHT SAY, INTO SHIP-BUILDING, --- THAT **BUSTED**!!



-- BUT,-- WHILE STUDYING CHEMISTRY, I ALSO DISCOVERED THE MOST BAFFLING LIQUID THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN ---





NOW, I'LL CARRY MY HEAD  
IN MY RIGHT HAND AND PLACE  
IT OVER ON YOUR BOOKCASE !

-- THAT'S MY ACT,  
"THREE RING"-- DO I  
GET THE JOB ?





-- HE CONTINUED TO BE THE GREATEST SENSATION OF ALL TIMES FOR YEARS--



-- EVEN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE WAS STARTLED OUT OF ITS WITS AT HIS UNCANNY WIZARDRY --



-- MILLIONS OF STATUES WERE MADE OF MAR-VEE-ELLO AND SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD --

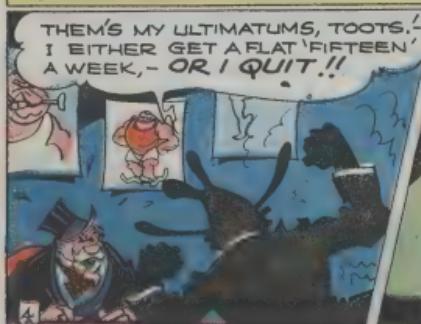


-- HIS VERY NAME BECAME A BYWORD WITH THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS OF THE DAY--



-- FINALLY HE BECAME SO FAMOUS, THAT HE GOT CONCEITED-- IN FACT HE GOT SO CONCEITED THAT HE DEMANDED A RAISE !

-- HE HAD ME CORNERED! THO' REALIZING THAT THE HAND THAT WAS FEEDING ME WAS BITING ME TOO,- OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF ME HEART, I GAVE IT TO HIM!





WOTTA MAN! - WOTTA MAN!  
YOUR YARN INTRIGUES ME, THREE RING  
- AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED TO  
YOUR MYSTIFYING, MESMERISING  
MAHOUT OF MAGIC?

-- BUT POD'NER, FROM HERE ON, MY TALE  
TAKES A CANTANKEROUS TWIST - A FEW  
MONTHS LATER WE WERE PLAYING A  
ONE-NIGHT STAND IN NOME, ALASKA--

I'LL  
TELL YOU!

CHIEF YAZQUINOAKNOX ! YOHOHO.  
TURN ON THE NORTHERN LIGHTS -  
A CARNIVAL'S IN TOWN !!



"MAR-VEE-ELLO, NOW THE HEADLINER  
WENT ON TO DO HIS ACT, - AN EAGER  
AUDIENCE OF SOME 496781 SOULS,  
(INCLUDING THE ESKIMOES) CHEERED MADLY.

-- JUST BY WAY OF SHOWING OFF,  
MAR-VEE-ELLO PAINTED A DOUBLE-  
DOSE OF HIS DISAPPEARING PAINT ALL  
OVER HIMSELF FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

BLUB BLUB!  
ABLUB! YAHOO  
BLUBBER! BLUB!



BUT -- AND HERE'S THE TRAGEDY  
O' MY TALE -- IT WAS MIGHTY COLD  
UP THERE, AND ON ACCOUNT O' THAT,  
THE PAINT REMOVER JUST  
WOULDN'T WORK ---

-- AND SO -- WE NEVER SAW MAR-VEE-ELLO  
AGAIN! -- IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM  
TO EVER RE-APPEAR AFTER THAT -- SO  
ENDED THE GREATEST MAGICIAN OF ALL  
TIMES -- HE'S PROBABLY STILL WALKING  
THE STREETS OF NOME, ALASKA, -- BUT  
NOBODY KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE --!

AND, -- SO WHAT ??



PHEW-W, THAT TOPS ME, THREE RING  
I'LL SPEND THE REST O' MY LIFE  
RAISIN' EASTER RABBITS!

HE H- HEH- HEH.





"Stick around fellas—this ought to be good—Spike doesn't know that Pee Wee has been eating Wheaties!"

SMART BOY, PEE WEE. HE KNOWS THAT A FAVORITE TRAINING DISH OF MANY STAR PERFORMERS IS MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

YOU GET MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF WHEATIES. ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT PACKED IN BIG, GOLDEN FLAKES THAT ARE ROASTED AND TOASTED AND DELICIOUSLY

FLAVORED WITH RICH MALT SYRUP. SMART EATING AND SWELL TASTING... THAT'S MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 644, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY.



**"Breakfast of Champions"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.



# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

THE BIGGER THE CRIME, THE BETTER THE CHANCES OF SUCCESS, BELIEVES THIS SHREWD SCOUNDREL! SO HE CONCEIVES A REAL WHOPPER OF A SWINDLE AND SETS UP HIS CREDULOUS VICTIM FOR AN AWFUL FLEEING! BUT THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING HAVE NO LOVE FOR EITHER LARGE CRIMES OR SMALL... AND NEITHER DANGER NOR FEAR OF DEATH HALT THEIR COURSE AS THEY TAKE UP THE TRAIL OF...



"The  
IMPOSTOR OF  
NEWSPAPER ROW!"

A  
QUIET, PEACEFUL AFTERNOON  
IN THE OFFICE OF  
THE GLOBE-LEADER...  
THE CALM THAT PRECEDES THE STORM.

WHAT  
CAN I DO  
FOR YOU,  
MR. BINKS?

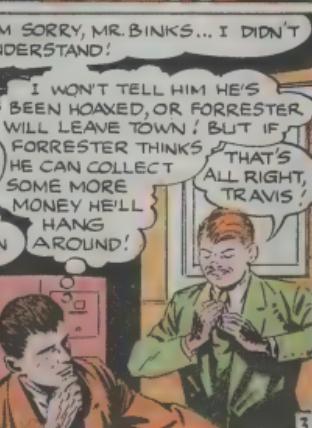
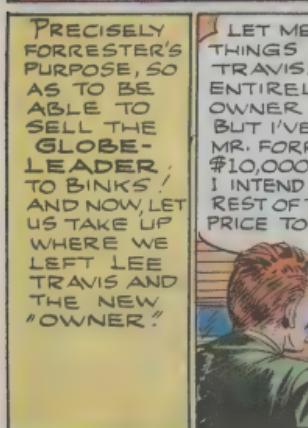
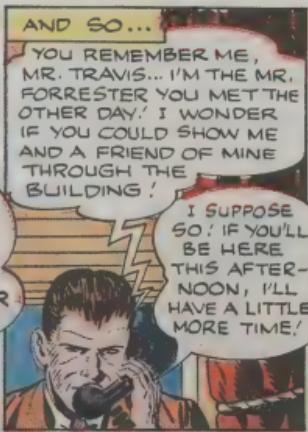
MR. BINKS  
SAYS HE'S  
ANXIOUS TO  
SEE YOU, MR.  
TRAVIS'

TRAVIS,  
I DON'T THINK  
YOU'RE RUNNING  
THIS NEWSPAPER  
PROPERLY!

WHAT?







**NO SOONER HAS THE UNSUSPECTING VICTIM GONE...**

**STEP ON IT,  
WING... OUR  
APPOINTMENT  
WITH THIS MR.  
FORRESTER  
IS URGENT!**

MAYBE HE  
ALREADY  
SKIP.'



IN A NEARBY HOTEL ROOM...

BOSS, DIS IS  
SAPPER! BINKS  
AIN'T WISE YET...  
HE WALKED OUTTA  
DA GLOBE-LEADER  
BUILDING WID A  
SMILE ON HIS FACE.  
HE DIDN'T CALL NO  
COPS!

TRAVIS  
MUST HAVE  
THOUGHT  
HE WAS  
CRAZY, AND  
KIDDED HIM  
ALONG!

NOW  
WE CAN  
GET SOME  
MORE  
DOUGH  
FROM  
HIM!

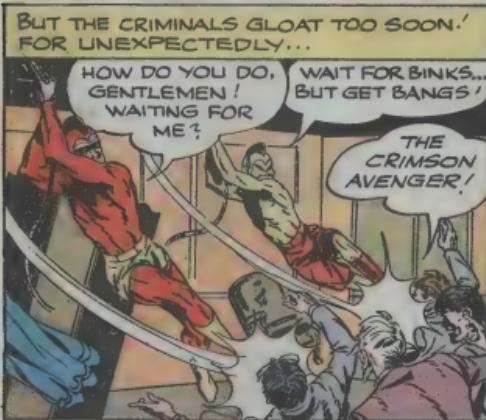


BUT THE CRIMINALS GLOAT TOO SOON!  
FOR UNEXPECTEDLY...

HOW DO YOU DO,  
GENTLEMEN!  
WAITING FOR  
ME?

**WAIT FOR BINKS...  
BUT GET BANGS!**

THE  
CRIMSON  
AVENGER



YES,  
YOU'RE NOT  
OUT OF THE  
WOODS YET,  
FORRESTER.



**OUT ON  
LIMB, INSTEAD!**



BUT DESPERATION INSPIRES  
ONE LAST EFFORT IN A BADLY  
BATTERED HOODLUM ...

THIS TELEPHONE...!  
IT'S TAKING A CHANCE,  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
ELSE TO DO!





LIKE THE 'BOLAS OF THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS, RECEIVER AND BASE WHIRL DANGEROUSLY... THEN SEIZE UPON AN UNSUSPECTING VICTIM!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT MESSAGE AVENGER?

**BRUM**

DIS'LL PUT  
AN END TO  
YOUR  
TROUBLES,  
CHUM!

**AAAAGH**



FIGHTING VALIANTLY ALONE, WING IS OVERWHELMED BY SUPERIOR FORCE, AND SOON...

WE'LL MAKE THESE FOOLS SORRY THEY EVER INTERFERED!

THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW ENOUGH TO BE SORRY! I'LL BUMP 'EM OFF RIGHT NOW, AN...



HUH..? MAYBE THE COPS... PROBABLY BINKS! BUT WHOEVER IT IS, WE'D BETTER GET THESE TWO OUT OF THE WAY! TIE THEM UP AND THROW THEM INTO THE BATHROOM! WE'LL DISPOSE OF THEM LATER!



SECONDS LATER...

AH, HELLO, BINK! HOW'S THE BIG NEWSPAPER MAN TODAY?

FINE FORRESTER, FINE! IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT A MAN OF INTELLIGENCE CAN DO WITH MONEY!

PRESENTLY, AS ROGUE AND VICTIM DEPART...

AH, WOE! LOOK LIKE WE TAKEN TO CLEANERS!

HMM, YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA THERE, WING!



WHAA..?  
MIST'  
CLIMSON,  
THIS NO  
TIME TO  
TAKE  
BATH.

ON THE  
CONTRARY.  
WING, THIS  
BATH WILL  
COME IN VERY  
HANDY... YOU'LL  
SEE!



DETECTIVE COMICS





A STROLL DOWN THE CITY STREET  
TO HELP FORGET THE CARES OF  
CRIME-CATCHING...AND OUR HEROES  
PAUSE BEFORE A FEARFUL FIGURE...

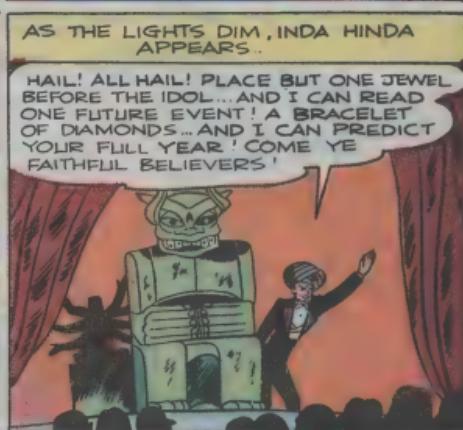
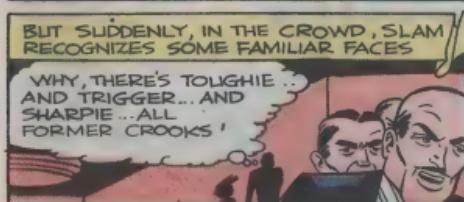


HANDSOME IS  
AS HANDSOME  
DOES, SLAM!  
WHAT IS THIS  
PLACE?



**P**RIVATE DETECTIVE  
SLAM BRADLEY AND  
SHORTY MORGAN NEVER  
HAVE NEEDED A FORTUNE-  
TELLER TO REMIND THEM  
THAT THE FUTURE HOLDS  
TRAPS AND TROUBLES  
AND LOTS OF LAUGHS!  
SO WHEN SHORTY DECIDES  
TO CONSULT A GRINNING  
GARGOYLE IT'S THE USUAL  
FISTS AND FUN! BUT IT'S  
UNUSUAL TRICKERY AND  
THIEVES... BEFORE OUR  
PUZZLED PARTNERS CAN  
UNTANGLE THE MUDDLED  
MYSTERY OF...

FUTURES FOR SALE!



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



SLAM AND SHORTY ARE  
HELPED BY UNEXPECTED  
ALLIES!

SOCK 'EM,  
FELLERS!

WHAT?  
HE'S HELPING  
US! SO THESE  
CROOKS AREN'T  
IN WITH HIM!

COOHH!

TOO MANY CROOKS TO  
BE CAPTURED...BUT THEY  
ARE BEATEN OFF!

ENDANGER NOT  
YOURSELVES,  
GOOD MEN!  
OUR THANKS  
FOR YOUR  
TIMELY AID!

ANYWAY,  
WE SAVED  
THE JEWELS!

BUT INDA HINDA SAID  
"SOCK 'EM, FELLERS"....  
THAT'S NOT HINDU TALK.  
AND THAT IDOL SOUNDED  
HOLLOW...THERE'S MORE  
TO THIS....



WITH ORDER RESTORED, THE COLLECTION  
OF GEMS CONTINUES.....

RUBIES FOR THE  
IDOL...MORE PEARLS!

I'M GONNA PUT  
MY \$1.49 WRIST  
WATCH IN!

ALL RIGHT,  
SHORT STUFF.  
I'LL JUST  
DRIFT  
AROUND...

ONLY JEWELS,  
SIR!

SURE, PUT IT  
IN...IT'S A  
ONE-JEWEL  
WATCH,  
AIN'T IT?

NOW ALL IS IN  
THE IDOL'S POWER!  
SOON I, INDA HINDA,  
SHALL PREDICT THE  
FUTURE!

TO PROTECT YOUR  
TREASURES FROM THE  
FLAMES OF THE FUTURE!  
THE SACRED CASKET!





## THE SPIRIT SEANCE BEGINS !

THE FIRES OF THE FUTURE !  
BUT I SHALL PIERCE THE  
HOT FLAMES...AND THE  
SOUL OF THE IDOL  
SHALL SPEAK TO  
ME !

MADAME VAN VANT...THE SPIRITS  
BRING YOUR NAME FIRST ....  
MADAME VAN VANT....

IT'S THE  
POWER OF MY  
BIG EMERALD !

YOUR BIRTH DATE IS  
MARCH 12TH...YOU HAVE  
THREE SONS...BEWARE  
YOUR EVIL DAY, THE  
6TH OF MAY...

WHY, IT'S ALL TRUE ! AND  
I'LL BE CAREFUL, INDA  
HINDA, ON THE SIXTH  
OF MAY !

THE FLAMES MOUNT  
HIGHER ! SO I CAN  
SEE MORE ! MADAME  
GILDEDALL.....  
MADAME GILDEDALL !

GEE, HE'S  
GOOD ! HOPE  
HE GETS TO  
MY WATCH !

THAT'S MY  
NAME !  
THAT'S ME !

BUT TO SEE AND HEAR EVERY  
PASSING SIGNING SPIRIT....  
THE IDOL'S FLAMES MUST  
BURN MORE FIERCELY....  
IF YOU ALL PERMIT ....

BURN THE FIRE  
HIGHER ! LET'S  
HEAR MORE !

SURE ...BUT  
DON'T HURT MY  
EXPENSIVE  
\$1.49 WATCH !

THE FURIOUS FLAMES  
TOWER QUICKLY UPWARD!

SOON HE'LL TELL  
THE DARKEST  
SECRETS! HE  
ALWAYS HAS!

MAYBE  
I CAN  
LEARN  
WHERE TO  
EARN A  
REWARD  
AS A  
DETECTIVE!

WHILE BEHIND THE IDOL...

HA! HA! THE FOOLS!  
COME MY HUMBLE  
HINDUS!

IS DERE  
ENOUGH IN DA  
BOX DIS TIME?

SURE!...THIS IS OUR LAST  
FORTUNE-TELLING! GIVE  
ME THAT LONG POKER!

CHEE, BOSS!  
DAT FANCY  
LANGWIDGE  
YUH RATTLE  
ALMOS' SCARES  
ME!

THE IDOL OPENS...TO REVEAL ITS  
SECRET!

THERE'S MILLIONS  
IN THAT CHEST!  
MILLIONS!

YUH SPENT  
LOTSA DOUGH  
ON ALL DIS  
SCENERY!  
BUT NOW IT'S  
PAY-DAY!

I'VE SEEN AND HEARD  
ENOUGH! NOW I'LL  
PREDICT HINDA'S  
FUTURE! A PRISON  
CELL!

SHIELDED BY THE ROARING FLAMES...  
A FURIOUS FIGHT BEGINS.....!

TIP YOUR TURBAN,  
INDA! AND CHANGE  
INTO BROWNIE 'BLAKE'!

IT'S SLAM  
BRADLEY! HE'S  
WISE TO LIS!

AND YOU'RE  
MIKE, THE MUGG!  
WITH MAKE-UP  
ON!

OOWWW!  
YUH JUST  
KNOCKED IT  
ALL OFF!



# DETECTIVE COMICS



# SOMEBODY PLENTY SMART

by Alan Cabot

"WELL, what do you think of that?" said Lefty. "It says here in the new dictionary I bought for my cross-word puzzles that a genius is somebody who is plenty smart. I knew you was wrong all along, Fingers, giving me that mullarkey about a gee who comes out of a lamp which is rubbed by somebody named Aladdin."

Fingers Preston snapped off the radio dial. "What I told you yesterday is correct, Lefty," he chided. "I well remember it from my childhood. This Aladdin rubs a lamp and out pops a guy who can do anything. I tell you they called the guy what popped out a genius."

"You are wrong," Lefty said, determinedly. "I say you are wrong and if . . ." He stopped as a huge shadow suddenly fell across the door. His mouth agape, Lefty added, "It's Dippy, the Big Boy."

In a moment, Dippy drew stepped across the threshold into the small room occupied by his hirelings. His big face wore a petulant expression and, in his hand, he carried a newspaper, opened as usual to the society page.

"What is all this arguing, you muggs?" he stormed. "You know I am trying to think up a new job for us. We have taxes to pay, you know, and we haven't pulled a job in a long time."

Fingers guffawed, an outburst that was split in mid-birth by Dippy's snapping eyes. "I—I'm sorry, Big Boy," he said. "I was only trying to tell Lefty about this genius and Aladdin's lamp. But he . . ."

"Lefty is right," Big Boy said, his humor suddenly restored. "He is absolutely right. A genius is somebody who is plenty smart." He picked a huge cigar out of his pocket, stuffed it into his oversized mouth. "Matter of fact, boys, you might call me one of those things."

Lefty and Fingers exchanged glances, then both nodded. This was something neither had realized before. Big Boy Dippy certainly was smarter than lots of people. Look how he always followed the papers and the society pages and doped out plenty of jobs. Why he . . .

"And speaking of a lamp, boys," Dippy said. "I know where we can get one."

Surprised, Lefty stared at Dippy and the latter, as though relishing this astonishment, went on. He held up the paper. "It seems, boys," he said, "that this rich lady, Miss Van Melton, has gotten ahold of a very rare lamp. It was made in India and it is called the Mahal. She is going to show this lamp at a party on her Long Island estate next week."

Dippy pursed his lips, savored the startled expressions Lefty and Fingers were wearing. "I think maybe we will get us this lamp."

"Big Boy," said Lefty. "I do not mean any disrespect, but do you feel okay? I think I read someplace where all geniuses are crazy. Now, I do not mean that you are crazy, Big Boy, but you can buy plenty of lamps for a buck a throw, and . . ."

Dippy raised his hand. "You boys will please sit down and listen. I can see now why I am a genius and the brains of this organization." He slapped the opened newspaper on the table as the boys sat down. "This lamp happens to be filled with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. It incidentally happens to be worth a quarter of a million smackers. It is a legend." Lefty's eyes goggled. "Two hundred and fifty thousand for a lamp," he said. "I can't believe it." He looked suspiciously at Dippy. "This legend, how much is it worth?"

Fingers looked at him in disgust. "A legend is something like history," he said. "I can never understand how you ever get through one of those cross-word

puzzles."

Dippy's hand smacked the table for silence. "This time Fingers is right, Lefty," he said, "and it will pay you to listen. It seems that this lamp has always brought hard luck to the owner. And this Miss Van Melton, who bought it, is going to sell it and give the proceeds to a worthy charity." He winked. "And since I am not superstitious, I have decided we will be the charity."

Lefty and Fingers nodded. "Big Boy," they said in unison, "there is no one like you."

Dippy regarded them with affection. "Thank you, boys. And I will even go further and show how much smarter I am than they think. We will cop this lamp and remove the diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and then we will throw the lamp away. That way, we have no hard luck."

Well, there was no holding the boys then. Their faces assumed rapt expression and if Dippy had wanted to run against F.D.R., they would have bet on him to win. Those crooks really loved the Big Boy.

Dippy waited until they had come out of their trance. "Now," he said. "We will plan the job, fellers. We only got a week to do it in."

And so that's how it happened that on the morning of the day the party was to be held, Lefty and Fingers reported the result of their spying on the Van Melton estate way out on Long Island.

"It is going to be a cinch, Big Boy," Fingers assured Dippy. "That place is big enough to put the Dodger fans in, when them Bums are winning. We could drive a car right along the fields, and nobody would be able to catch us. I personally walked through last night and I know just where we will get out on the highway, because I removed part of the fence around the estate."

"He sure did, Big Boy," Lefty said. "All you have to do is make

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sure you miss the swimming pool, which is outdoors and on the way. Of course, nobody is going to be swimming in it this time in September, so we won't be seen by witnesses. All we do is drive up to the place in your car, go to the side entrance, get in and stick up the joint. Then you drive us away."

Dippy gazed benevolently at the pair. They're the best boys I ever had, he told himself, positively the best. But they have to be told.

"I have another surprise for you, boys," he said. "We are not using my car. I have swiped a new one today."

"You what?" they chorused.

Dippy laughed. "A station wagon," he said. "I learned that a lot of these rich swells drive over in station wagons. So, you boys will sneak in on foot, and I will drive up and be waiting, with my chauffeur's uniform on, at the side of the house. Then I whisk you boys and the lamp away and a couple of weeks from now we are in Mexico. In my car." He paused, annoyed at the rattling sound from the window. He looked sharply at it. "Rain." For a moment, annoyance settled on his countenance. Then, suddenly, he smiled.

"Say, boys," he said. "This ought to show you maybe this lamp is going to be lucky. It's raining out, and if I'm not wrong, it's going to rain all day and night. It'll be a cinch to make a getaway." He got up from the desk, walked to the window and looked out. It was dull and dismal, a sharp contrast to the earlier sunshine. "Yessir, boys," he said. "It's going to keep up."

And it did. It poured like nobody's business, and it was still

coming down when, sitting snugly behind the wheel of the station wagon that evening, Dippy waited at the side of the house for the boys to do their stuff. He knew they wouldn't fail him. Puffing on a cigarette, he listened to the music coming from the house. Over the peltor of the rain, it came sweet and clear. Despite the storm, a great many people had put in an appearance. "Too bad," Dippy thought, "we don't have time to frisk them all." His eyes lighted up as his mind envisioned the jewels the guests would be wearing. But, resolutely, he thrust the thought aside. The plan had been made out, the boys were executing it, and nobody could ever call Dippy Drew greedy.

Crack! Crack! Over the music the shots came, sharp, clear—and ominous. Dippy turned the ignition key, started the motor. He had given specific instructions there was to be no shooting unless absolutely necessary. So something must have gone wrong. Dippy's mind buzzed like a cutting circular saw as he brought a gun out from beneath his coat.

Suddenly, two figures hurtled through the French window, pounced into the car. "We got it," Lefty gasped. "But those dirty crooks in there had dicks spotted all around."

"They winged me in the arm," Fingers said. "Move, Big Boy."

He didn't have to tell Dippy. Before the figures carrying guns appeared in the doorway, the station wagon was streaking across the spacious lawn. "It's a good thing this car's got new tires," Dippy said, "I'd sure hate to skid."

He peered over the wheel, straining his eyes to see through

the driving rain. Lefty broke in. "It's okay, Big Boy," he said. "But make sure you miss that pool. Better put on your lights. We're getting there."

"And they're coming right after us," Fingers announced. He had been looking through the back window. "But slow. Guess they're afraid to skid, too."

Dippy strained his eyes again. In the sharp knives of the headlights, he saw nothing but water. "It's okay," he said. "We must have passed that pool."

Lefty's nose was pressed against the windshield. "That's right, Big Boy," he said exultantly. "I know where we are." He pointed ahead, Where a big puddle stretched before them. "Give it the gas and get through that puddle. The fence we took away is right past it, Huh?"

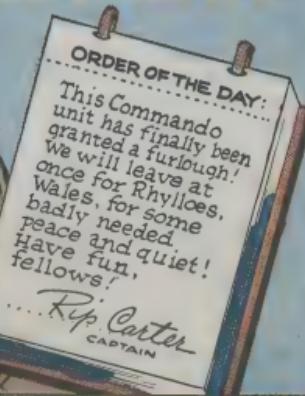
The car leaped forward and Lefty turned to answer Fingers, who had bent over to the front seat. "No. . ." Fingers cried, "you can't. . ."

The car smashed into the puddle and Fingers screamed. Behind the station wagon, the pursuing car carrying the detectives, suddenly slowed down. "They did it," the cop at the wheel said. "Those fools went right into the pool. They must have mistaken it for a rain puddle, not knowing that the pool's draining system is clogged up."

"Well," the other cop said to the speaker and the three men in the back. "I don't know what you guys think. But I always said those newspaper stories about that lamp were true. It's sure a bad luck lamp. But I guess we'll have to fish it out with their bodies. They musta thought they were plenty smart pulling this job!"

# BOY COMMANDOS

in "BATTLE OF WALES!"



ADVENTURE THRIVES IN THE BLOOD-QUICKENING FURY OF THE FIELD OF COMBAT... BUT NOT ONLY THERE! ACTION AND SUSPENSE CAN ALSO BE FOUND WHERE MEN FIGHT THE BATTLE OF PRODUCT-ION... AS RIP CARTER AND HIS DARING BOY COMMANDOS DISCOVER WHEN THEY VACATION IN A LITTLE WELSH MINING TOWN! FOLLOW THEM AS THEY PLUNGE THROUGH THEIR REST CURE WITH FLASHING FISTS AND BLAZING BULLETS!

by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

SOMEWHERE IN WALES, A TRAIN PULLS INTO A SMALL OUT-OF-THE-WAY STATION AND DISCHARGES SOME INTERESTING AND INTERESTED PASSENGERS...

## RHYLLOES

WELL, HERE WE ARE IN RHYLLOES, KIDS!

DAT AINT A NAME YA CAN SAY-YA GOTTA GARGLE IT!

HIT'S 'ARD TO BELIEVE WE'RE REALLY ON A FURLough!

BOY, DIS IS DA LIFE! DIS FURLough BUSINESS IS DA STUFF FOR ME! NUTTIN' TO DO BUT LOAF!

OUI! BUT WE SHOULD WALK AROUND AN' SEE ZE TOWN!

SOON AS WE UN-PACK!



THROUGH SLUMBROUS STREETS STROLL THE BOY COMMANDOS, FAR FROM THE CRASH OF COMBAT!

THIS IS CERTAINLY THE PLACE FOR A FURLough! PROBABLY THE MOST PEACEFUL AND QUIET TOWN IN THE UNITED KINGDOM!

LOOK! BROOKLYN HAS ALREADY FOUND A FRIEND!

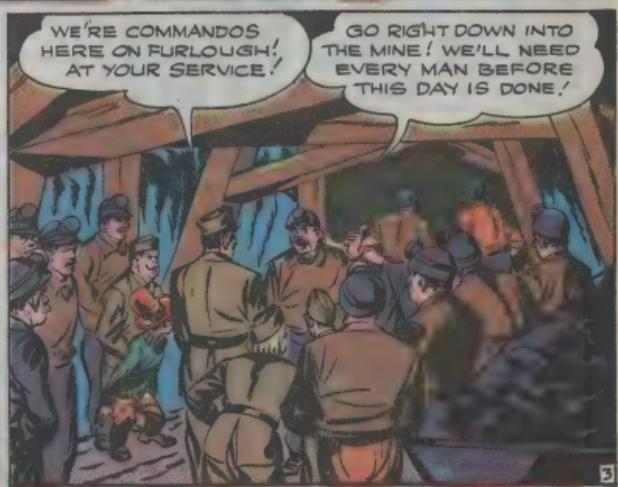
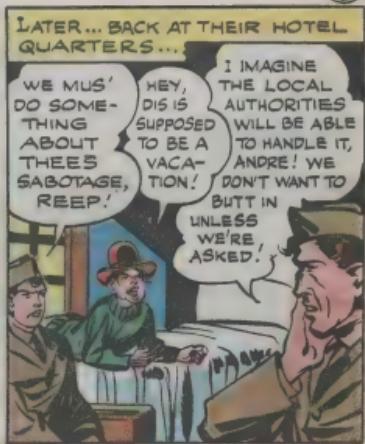


FELLERS, DIS IS DAVE PW... PWL... AW, JUST CALL HIM DAVE!

MY NAME IS DAVID PWLLDIO! BROOKLYN WAS JUST TELLIN' ME ABOUT YOU CHAPS!

DO YOU SUPPOSE ITS SABOTAGE? WORSE! EACH TIME, TWO MINERS HAVE VANISHED WHEN IT HAPPENS! SOMETHING-SOMEBODY-MUST BE FORCING THEM TO SELL US OUT!







IT'S SABOTAGE AGAIN! LITTLE DAVID PWLLDILIO IS ONE OF THEM THAT'S TRAPPED!

DAT'S ME PAL! YA HEAR DAT, RIP? WE'RE GONNA MOIDER DEM BUMS WOT STARTED DIS!

FIRE REACHES OUT FOR THE GALLANT CREW WITH MURDEROUS RED TALONS.

STEP ON IT! WE GOTTA GET DAVE AN' DEM GUYS OUTA DERE!

IT'S BLOOMIN' OT DOWN 'ERE! BUT NOT 'ARF AS 'OT AS WE'LL MAKE IT FOR THE DIRTY 'UN WOT DID THIS!

LONG MINUTES LATER...

ZERE! WE ARE SUCCEEDING! BUT-ARE WE IN TIME?

LED US HOPE SO!

DIG IN, BOYS! WE MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE THEM YET!

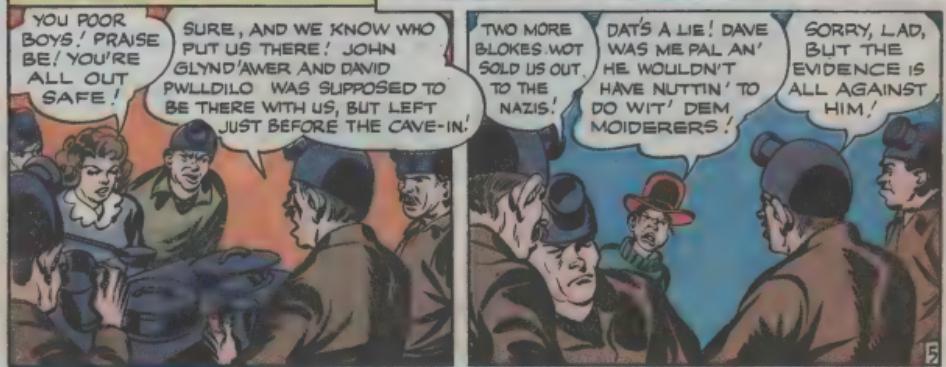
SO LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE, WE NEVER GIVE UP!

HEY!  
WOT'S  
DIS?

MAYBE IT'S SOME VALUABLE METAL DEY AINT DISCOV- ERED IN HERE YET! I'LL GET ONE O' DEM GOVERNMENT GUYS TO LOOK AT IT LATER...



BUT AMIDST THE REJOICING COMES THE SOUR NOTE OF DISCORD...





LATER, IN THE COOL, SWEET AIR ABOVE GROUND...

BY THE SOUL OF BROCH-O-MEINFOD, I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D LIVE TO SEE THE SUN ON RHYLLOES HILLS AGAIN! AND NO THANKS TO THE TWO WHO DID A DIFANCOLL!

AYE, THEY DISAPPEARED! JUST LIKE THE OTHERS BEFORE THEM!

SELL OUT THEY DID! AND NOT THE FIRST TO FALL TO THE LURE OF NAZI GOLD! IT'LL NOT BE ME WHO'LL GO INTO THAT MINE AGAIN!

NOR ME!

NOR ME!

LATER...

DERE'S SOMET'IN' FISHY 'BOUT DIS BUSINESS! I KNOW DAT KID WOULDN'T DO NÜTTIN' LIKE DAT! HE HAD DA STUFF IN HIM!... SAY, DAT REMINDS ME! DAT RARE METAL STUFF I PICKED UP YESTERDAY!...

I GOTTA FIND OUT WOT IT'S WORT'!... HUH? IT'S GONE! SOME DOITY RAT MUSTA SWIPED IT FROM ME POCKET!

... AN DEN WHEN I LOOKS FOR IT, IT'S GONE! IT MUSTA BEEN WORT'A LOT OF DOUGH, 'CAUSE SOMEBODY SWIPE IT...

IF YOUR DESCRIPTION WAS ACCURATE, BROOKLYN, I THINK IT IS WORTH A LOT... TO SOMEONE!

I WONDERED HOW THE CAVE-IN WAS MANAGED! SOMEBODY COULD HAVE PLACED THERMITE IN A METAL BOX,—MAYBE A LUNCH BOX, TO AVOID SUSPICION—NEAR THE TUNNEL SUPPORTS! WHAT YOU FOUND WAS PROBABLY THE REMAINS OF THE BOX, FUSED BY THE TERRIFIC HEAT!





SWIFTLY, THEN, THE BOY COMMANDOS RACE TO THE DOCKS...

WHAT WILL WE DO NOW, REEP? BROOKLYN IS MABBE ON ANY ONE OF ZE BOATS...

I DON'T KNOW, ANDRE... I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO START AT THE FIRST ONE AND WORK THROUGH TO THE LAST!

SUDDENLY...

SOMEBODY CALLIN' YOU, RIP! WHY, HIT'S...

CAPTAIN CARTER!  
OH, CAPTAIN CARTER...

ON BOARD, HOWEVER...

OH, CAPTAIN CARTER! I'M SO GLAD I CAUGHT SIGHT OF YOU! I'VE FOUND THAT POOR BOY...

BROOKLYN? (VERY ODD, HER BEING HERE AND, FINDING HIM SO EASILY!)

SHE'S FOUND GOOD HOLD BROOKLYN!

HOORAY!

SACRÉ! ZIS MAG LLEWELLYN, SHE IS ZE SABOTEUR.

NOW WHERE-- WHAT?

RIGHT! GOING DOWN INTO THE MINE, TROTTING AROUND AGILELY, FINDING BROOKLYN WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE - THE WHOLE THING IS CLEAR NOW! SHE'S NO MORE MAG LLEWELLYN THAN I AM! SHE MIGHT BE -

- AGENT AXIS! YOU WEREN'T KILLED IN THAT DIVE OVER THE CLIFF!

QUITE CORRECT, CAPTAIN CARTER! AND AGENT AXIS HAS NOT FORGOTTEN THE LAST TIME WE MET! THIS TIME I AM GETTING REVENGE! I AM TAKING YOU BACK TO HERR HIMMLER IN GERMANY...

DIRTY 'UN!

SILENCE, LITTLE FOOL... YOU MUST ADMIT, CAPTAIN CARTER, THAT THIS PLAN HAS BEEN WELL EXECUTED! EACH TIME AN ACT OF SABOTAGE IS CARRIED OUT, TWO OF THE MEN VANISH! THEY ARE BLAMED... AND WE GAIN TWO MORE SLAVE MINERS!



I HAVE NOW SEVERAL SUCH MINERS TO TAKE BACK TO THE FATHERLAND! AND, OF COURSE, YOU FIVE! I AM SURE HERR HIMMLER CAN FIND WORK FOR YOU TO DO!

QUIET, JAN! WE'RE NOT THERE YET!

VY, YOU--

PUT THEM DOWN IN THE COMPARTMENT WITH THE OTHERS! THEN WE'LL GET UNDER WAY!.. YOU SEE, CAPTAIN CARTER, THIS OLD SCOW HAS TWO ENGINES! ONE MOVES US SLOWLY OUT INTO THE CHANNEL, TO AVERT SUSPICION--AND THE OTHER THEN BRINGS US SPEEDING TO GERMANY!



A MOMENT LATER... THE CAMOUFLAGED SPEEDBOAT GETS LABORIOUSLY UNDER WAY...

BROOKLYN! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

DID THEM DIRTY 'UNS 'URT YOU?

NAW! DEY RAISE 'EM TOO TOUGH IN BROOKLYN! BUT CAN YA IMAGINE A NICE OLD DAME LIKE DAT BEIN' A RAT?

...DA FOIST T'ING I KNEW, SHE WAS BOOPPIN' ME ON DA HEAD! WHEN I COME TO, HERE I WAS WIT' DA OTHERS!... BUT YA SEE, RIP, I TOLD YA DAT DAVE WAS NO SABOTEUR! I HAD TO BE SURE!



BUT 'OW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT O' 'ERE? WE DON'T 'AVE MUCH TIME--THE WAY THIS BOAT IS STEPPIN' H'OUT!

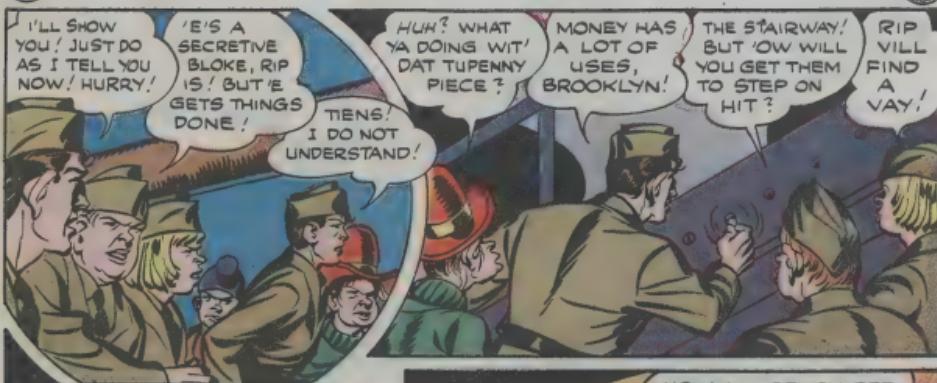
YEAH, AN' IT AINT GONNA BE NO PINK TEA IF DAT RAT HIMMLER EVER GETS A TOE HOLD ON US!

HMM! LET ME SEE--STAIRS, PROPELLER SHAFT--

I THINK I CAN DO IT, FELLOWS! REMOVE YOUR SHOES AND YOUR BELTS!... YES, HERE'S A TUPENNY--IT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

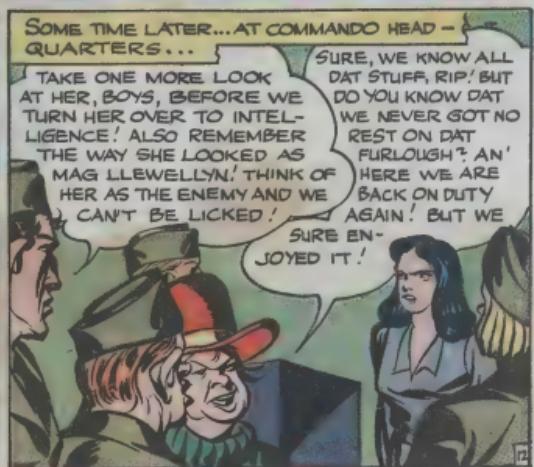
WOT'S DA IDEA, RIP? WE AINT GONNA CLIMB OUTA DIS BOAT LIKE IT WAS A CASTLE! BESIDES, THERE AINT NO WINDOW!





DETECTIVE COMICS





# You're FREE! WITH A WHEATIES BOX TOP

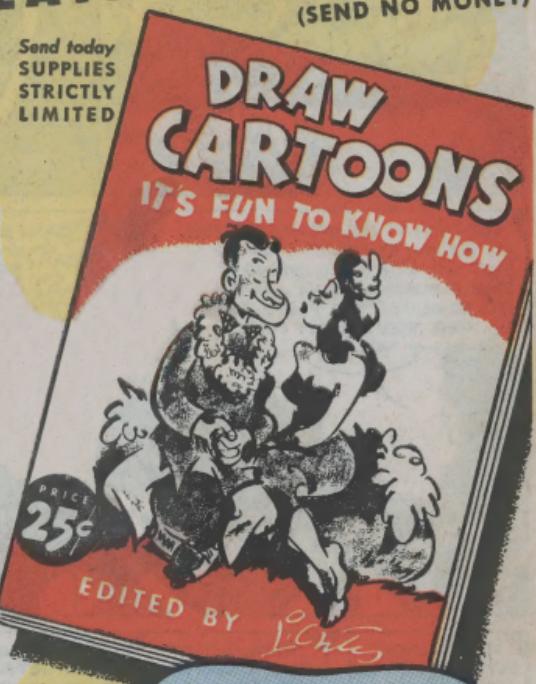
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"I'll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"

*Charles Atlas*

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension". It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

## Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

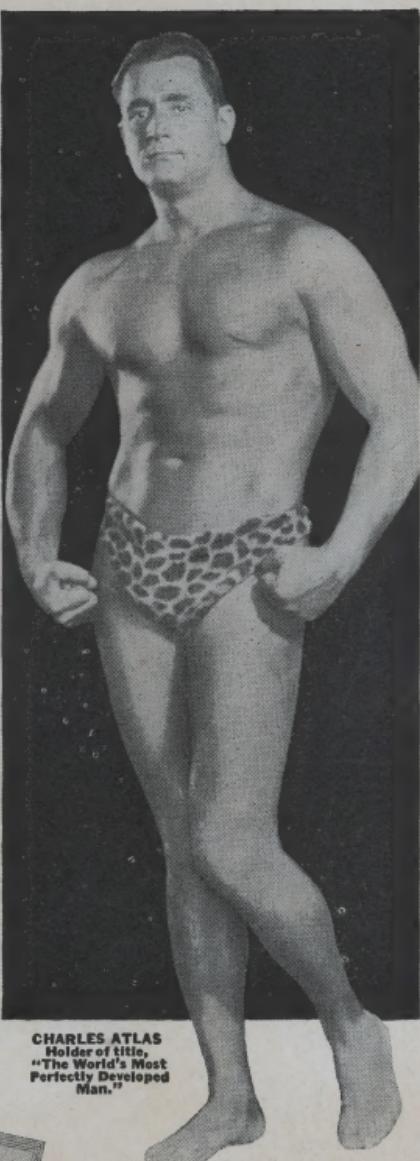
CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326F  
115 East 23rd Street  
New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State.....  
 Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

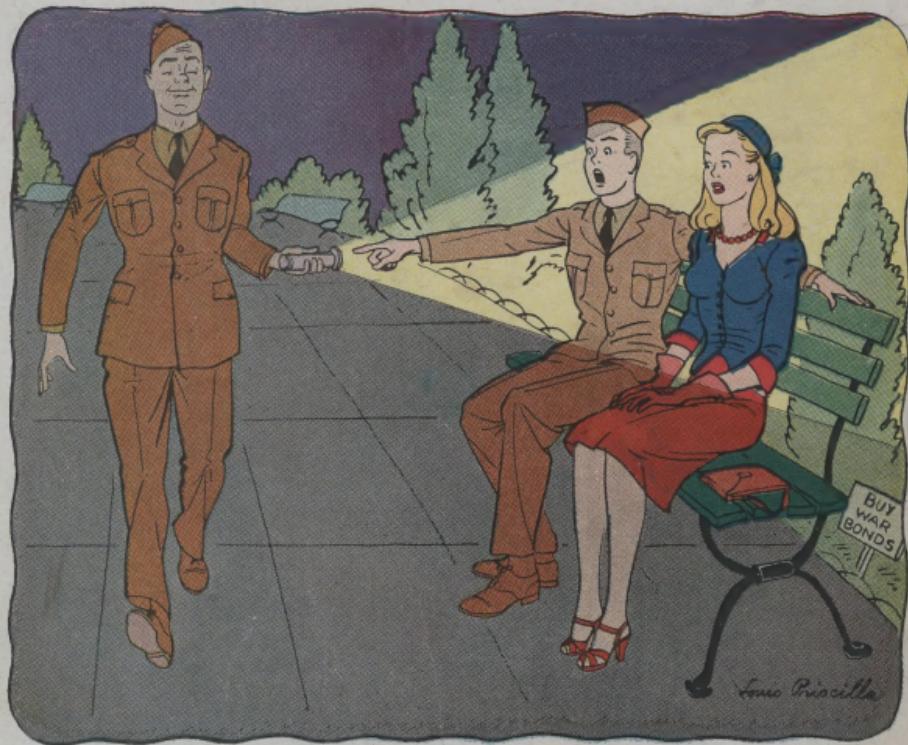


CHARLES ATLAS  
Holder of title,  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man."

## Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326F 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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